

# The Democratic Pioneer.

R. QUILLIN, PUBLISHER.

VOL. 7.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.  
—:—:  
R. QUILLIN,  
PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.

Single copy, one year, \$2 50  
Five copies, one year, \$11 00  
Ten copies, one year, \$20 00

ADVERTISING.

A square of 10 lines or less, first insertion  
every subsequent one, 25 cents. Annual  
contracts made on favorable terms.

POETRY.

THE BACHELOR.

He sat at his blazing grate,  
He felt into a snore,  
He dreamed that over his wrinkled  
face  
had been thrown the nuptial noose.

His boy came to his side,  
He bowed on his knee,  
He looked on the beaming face he shook  
in curls in childish glee.

He rang out his merry voice,  
He shouted—“Papa!”  
He loved anybody else  
you and dear Mamma.”

The bachelor's heart o'er ran with joy,  
Long by love uniting,  
You it's unseen depths poured out  
in infantile.

He stretched arms of strength unshorn,  
Lugged—his old tom cat;  
As was his wont when master  
snored.

He leaped into his lap.

From Porter's Spirit.

ANXIOUS MIDDLE FROM THE  
POETS.

He was shining silver bright,  
He lay the untrodden snow;  
Freedom from the mountain height  
shined. Now, don't be foolish Joe!

He passed on, the Turk awoke,  
He went the wending thought,  
He spread its fall upon the sky.

He was the settler swung,  
He was a lady of high renown;  
He was the peacock's eye,  
He was the thunder-drum of heaven.

He was the wild, the constant blast,  
He was the dew on the grass;  
He was the thunder-drum of heaven,  
He was the thunder-drum of heaven.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree;  
He was the like the red, the red tree,  
He was the like the red, the red tree.

draw entirely from the society where she  
had been admired and courted, and with  
her widowed mother, her books, and her  
slaves, she hid her disgrace in the com-  
plete seclusion of a Kentucky plantation.

It was here that young Beauchamp, in  
a fatal hour for both, sought her out,  
urged himself on her acquaintance, fell pas-  
sionately in love with her, and led on by  
his passion, devoted himself, with a bar-  
barous magnanimity, to her dreadful thirst  
for vengeance on her betrayer. He can-  
not have been more than nineteen years  
old at this time, and he had been on the  
point of commencing the study of law  
with Col. Sharpe, when he was repelled  
from such a connection by the story of his  
villainy towards Miss Cooke. Generous,  
though ungovernable of temper, he looked  
with aversion on a man so stained—re-  
garding him as no better than a horse  
thief—as he himself naively says.

His natural pity for Miss Cooke was  
strengthened by the praise bestowed on  
her beauty and wit, by a friend of his, who  
had been her former admirer. He visited  
her in self-imprisonment but she re-  
fused to see him; he insisted, and she at  
last came forth, but she received him cold-  
ly. He pretended a desire to use her li-  
brary, and borrowed a book which gave  
him a pretext to call again in a few days,  
when he again saw her. Little by little  
her reserve wore off, while his enthusiasm  
for her grew into fervent love. He urged  
his suit, and besought her hand in mar-  
riage, which she at first steadily refused,  
and only yielded finally on condition that  
he should first kill Col. Sharpe.

This was in 1821, and in the autumn of  
that year he went to Frankfort, for the  
express purpose of challenging Sharpe,  
and of shooting him if he declined. The  
two walked out together, along the river  
at Frankfort, and when they had come to  
a retired place outside the town, Beau-  
champ disclosed to Sharpe in what relation  
he stood to Miss Cooke, and asked if he  
would fight him. Sharpe said he could  
not fight in such a cause—he would let  
himself be killed rather than do it; and  
falling on his knees, he implored Beau-  
champ not to kill him. The hate of the  
enraged man turned to scorn at what he  
thought the most glaring cowardice—he  
struck Sharpe in the face, called him by  
the most insulting names, and swore he  
would come to him in the streets every day  
till he forced him to a duel. They parted,  
and early next morning Sharpe left Frank-  
fort, and Beauchamp lost his opportunity.

Miss Cooke now resolved to kill her be-  
trayer with her own hand, and together  
with Beauchamp, she contrived a plot as  
artful as that by which Lancelotti betrays  
Lorraine, to bring him to her house, where  
she could shoot him. This failed, and  
after a long time she gave up her cherished  
plan, and left the murder again to Beau-  
champ; who, meanwhile, by a sophistry  
such as familiarity with a dreadful purpose  
often produces, had persuaded himself that  
it would be right to kill his enemy, not  
openly, as he had at first purposed, but by  
assassination.

Accordingly, after his marriage with  
Miss Cooke, in June, 1824, he formed his  
plans for the deed. Never was a murder  
more deliberately committed. For more  
than a year he was busy making arrange-  
ments, so that no evidence could be  
brought against him. He even deflected  
the act after an election, hoping that  
Thompson, who ran for Governor against  
Desha, in 1824, would pardon him if he  
were chosen. Disappointed in this, he  
determined to kill Sharpe at such a time  
that his death would seem occasioned by  
political enmity; for which reason he  
connected with the well known fact  
Beauchamp's tragedy, in which every  
word of the country was interspersed  
thoroughly.

In no time Mrs. How's novel, to re-  
cently, we spoke of its similarity  
to the whole history of the strange affair  
recalling from oblivion.

The main authority is the confession of  
Beauchamp made shortly before his exe-  
cution, and printed in a thick pamphlet,  
published in Ky., in 1826. This pam-  
phlet contains also some letters of  
Beauchamp, some verses by himself and  
his wife, and accounts of his last hours  
and death, the only copy we have  
being that belonging to the Boston  
Museum; and we have hastily made  
it up, for it is hardly worth more  
than any novel Mr. Simms ever

miscellaneous.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

BEAUCHAMP'S TRAGEDY IN  
KENTUCKY.

It was a short time since, to re-  
cently, we spoke of its similarity  
to the whole history of the strange affair  
recalling from oblivion.

The main authority is the confession of  
Beauchamp made shortly before his exe-  
cution, and printed in a thick pamphlet,  
published in Ky., in 1826. This pam-  
phlet contains also some letters of  
Beauchamp, some verses by himself and  
his wife, and accounts of his last hours  
and death, the only copy we have  
being that belonging to the Boston  
Museum; and we have hastily made  
it up, for it is hardly worth more  
than any novel Mr. Simms ever

miscellaneous.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

BEAUCHAMP'S TRAGEDY IN  
KENTUCKY.

It was a short time since, to re-  
cently, we spoke of its similarity  
to the whole history of the strange affair  
recalling from oblivion.

The main authority is the confession of  
Beauchamp made shortly before his exe-  
cution, and printed in a thick pamphlet,  
published in Ky., in 1826. This pam-  
phlet contains also some letters of  
Beauchamp, some verses by himself and  
his wife, and accounts of his last hours  
and death, the only copy we have  
being that belonging to the Boston  
Museum; and we have hastily made  
it up, for it is hardly worth more  
than any novel Mr. Simms ever

miscellaneous.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

BEAUCHAMP'S TRAGEDY IN  
KENTUCKY.

It was a short time since, to re-  
cently, we spoke of its similarity  
to the whole history of the strange affair  
recalling from oblivion.

The main authority is the confession of  
Beauchamp made shortly before his exe-  
cution, and printed in a thick pamphlet,  
published in Ky., in 1826. This pam-  
phlet contains also some letters of  
Beauchamp, some verses by himself and  
his wife, and accounts of his last hours  
and death, the only copy we have  
being that belonging to the Boston  
Museum; and we have hastily made  
it up, for it is hardly worth more  
than any novel Mr. Simms ever

miscellaneous.

From the Alexandria Gazette.

BEAUCHAMP'S TRAGEDY IN  
KENTUCKY.

It was a short time since, to re-  
cently, we spoke of its similarity  
to the whole history of the strange affair  
recalling from oblivion.

The main authority is the confession of  
Beauchamp made shortly before his exe-  
cution, and printed in a thick pamphlet,  
published in Ky., in 1826. This pam-  
phlet contains also some letters of  
Beauchamp, some verses by himself and  
his wife, and accounts of his last hours  
and death, the only copy we have  
being that belonging to the Boston  
Museum; and we have hastily made  
it up, for it is hardly worth more  
than any novel Mr. Simms ever

miscellaneous.

edge of such horrors. But there is a deep-  
er reason why atrocities of Beauchamp and  
his wife stand forth in prominence on the  
sad calendar of crime. The feeling which  
impelled them was an insatiable thirst for  
vengeance, it is true; but this finds some ex-  
planation in the greatness of their victim's guilt,  
while it is exalted above the fury of the  
ordinary murder by the solemn fanaticism  
which made them regard it as a duty, and  
by the tenderness of their love for each other.

Nothing can be more touching than the  
gentleness and reverence with which, every-  
where in his confession, Beauchamp  
speaks of his wife; and she in turn seems to  
have felt the utmost enthusiastic affection  
for him. He was her chevalier—her cham-  
pion, and the champion of injured virtue  
everywhere; and in her steady refusal to  
outlive him, she showed the constancy of a  
Roman matron, and died as heroically as  
Brutus, Portia, or the more famous Lucre-  
tia.

After his conviction she spent much time  
with him, and in the hope of dying togeth-  
er they both took poison, which  
however proved ineffectual. They were  
then carefully guarded, but in spite of this,  
on the morning of his execution, they con-  
trived to stab themselves. Beauchamp  
was not mortally wounded, but his wife  
lingered only a few hours after his exe-  
cution. As he was carried to the gallows,  
he weakly sat on the coffin in the cart, ac-  
cording to the barbarous custom, he asked  
to be taken to his wife, then lying uncon-  
scious from her wound. He laid his hand  
on her face, and sought in vain to make  
her recognize him; then bidding her the  
tenderest farewell, and bowing to the ladies  
at the windows, as he passed along the  
streets, he went on to the scaffold.

Some verses by Mrs. Beauchamp writ-  
ten just before her death, and printed in  
the pamphlet before mentioned, support  
the conception of his character which one  
forms from her wonderful story. They all  
relate to her husband's crime and fate, and  
their style indicates a cultivated mind, and  
a lofty nature. A single stanza in which  
she speaks of her husband's dying with  
her, may serve as a specimen:—  
“And wedded to his side my from shall  
lie  
Enfolded by his arm, for night but Fate  
Could move my stubborn spirit, free to die  
With all my soul holds dear, or good, or  
great.”

Noreis and plays have been founded on  
this story, and perhaps that of Mr. Simms  
is the best among them; but it is impos-  
sible for fiction to equal the awful simplicity  
with which Beauchamp's confession por-  
trays the whole series of events. Not even  
Othello absorbs so much our interest, or  
moves our emotions. The action proceeds  
with dreadful certainty of the Greek trac-  
edy, where an inevitable fate drives on the  
noble and generous to crime. In the wil-  
derness of Kentucky, among attorneys,  
and planters, and backwoodsmen, you see  
again Orestes and Elektra; Clytemnestra  
and Agamemnon; and the events are as  
sublime and terrible as any which Echy-  
lus or Sophocles have immortalized in verse.

“One touch of nature makes the whole  
world kin.”

POETRY OF AN EX-PRESIDENT.

In the two volumes of Webster's Lec-  
tures, recently published, says the New  
York Evening Post, appear some samples  
of his poetical talent, which are nearly as  
good as the verses handed down to us as  
Cicero's, Edmund Burke's, when a youth,  
were lines quite equal to those produced  
by Thomas Gray or Goldsmith at the same age.

John Quincy Adams wrote poetry occa-  
sionally to a very late period in life. He is  
not the only one of our Presidents who  
have entertained their leisure with sorting  
rhymes and matching rhymes. John Ty-  
ler is said to be as much at home in poetry  
as in politics; and a correspondent has sent  
us the following example of the things  
which he throws off, “when the fit is on him.”  
The lines were addressed to a Long  
Island lady, at a season when only the  
very earliest and hardest flowers make  
their appearance in our latitude, while in  
Virginia—at least in the lower end and  
more southern parts of it—the rose-trees  
are in bloom:

Come fly to the South from your island of  
snow,  
The North is too cold for a soul such as  
thine;  
No roses bloom there to adorn thy fair  
brow,  
Though born in those deep auburn trees  
that shine.

Then fly to the South, where Japonica  
bloom,  
And enamel the grove with their beau-  
tiful flowers;  
Oh, come and inhale their delicious per-  
fume,  
Arising from Nature's own mystical  
bowers.

Oh! come to the South, where the mock-  
bird all night  
Pours forth from the tree top its reple-  
tious strain,  
Which rises and falls in the moon's mel-  
low light.

Like the song of the mermaid far over  
the main,  
Why stay in the North, where the winter's  
cold from  
Still lingers in ice on the lap of sweet  
May?

Oh, haste to the South, where sweet flow-  
ers have bloom,  
And the rill long unfetter'd glides  
laughing away.

JOHN TYLER.  
Sherwood Forest, May 1 1847.

“A young lady at a ball was asked  
by a lover of serious poetry whether she  
had seen Crabbe's Tales?”

“Why, no,” she answered; “I did not  
know that crabs had tails.”

“I beg your pardon, Miss,” said he; “I  
mean have you read Crabbe's Tales?”

“And I assure you, Sir, I did not know  
that red crabs, or any other, had tails.”

From the Liverpool Times.

THE EXPENSE OF ROYALTY.

When the present Sovereign ascends the  
throne the allowance which should be made  
for her maintenance was fixed by a com-  
mittee of the House of Commons, on the  
basis of the actual expenditure during the  
last year of the previous reign. The sum  
finally agreed upon was £385,000 out of  
which £80,000 is set apart for the privy  
purse, and the rest is expended in keeping  
up the royal establishments in which is in-  
cluded every imaginable species of expen-  
diture which can be deemed necessary to  
the comfort of the Sovereign, and a great  
deal more, so that the £80,000 allotted to  
the privy purse is absolutely in the Queen's  
hands, free from all apparent claims, for  
any purpose whatever. If to this we add  
some £40,000 a year enjoyed by Prince  
Albert, £38,000 a year for the retinue of  
the Dutchy of Cornwall, and £12,000  
ditto for the Dutchy of Lancaster, we have  
a total of about £150,000, which accrues  
yearly to the royal family, and over above  
the £325,000 of the civil list, which is spent  
in maintaining the royal establish-  
ments. With these facts before us nobody  
can justly complain of the parsimony of  
the British nation. But what becomes of  
the immense sum last mentioned, £325,000,  
over which the Queen has no im-  
mediate control, but which is spent in main-  
taining her vast household? Salaries paid  
an important part here. The figures are  
trifling; but we will venture upon a brief  
summary.

First there is the Lord Steward with  
£2,000 a year. Under him are the Treas-  
urer, salary £204; the Comptroller of the  
Household, £404; the Master of the  
household, £1,158; the Clerk of the  
Kitchens, £700; the Gentlemen of the  
Wine and Larder Cellars, £500; and the  
Ranger of Windsor House Park (Prince  
Albert), £500. Besides these sums, the  
Lord Steward's department absorbs some  
£25,000 in subordinate salaries and allow-  
ances. Stepping into another department,  
we encounter the Lord Chamberlain with  
£2,000 a year; the Vice Chamberlain,  
£224; the keeper of the Privy Purse,  
whose business it chiefly is to sign cheques,  
£2,000; the Mistress of the Robes, £500;  
Groom of the Stables, £800; eight Ladies  
of the Bedchamber, £500 each; eight  
Maid of Honour, £300 each; eight Bed-  
chamber Women, £300 each; eight Lord  
in Waiting, £202 each; four Gentlemen  
Ushers of the Privy Chamber, £200 each;  
four Gentlemen Ushers, daily waiters,  
£150 each; four Grooms of the Privy  
Chamber, £88 each; eight quarterly waiters,  
£100 each; ten Grooms of the Great  
Chamber, £40 each; Master of the Ceremo-  
nies, £300; five pages of the Back  
Stairs, £400 each; six Pages of the Pre-  
sence, £180 each; eight Sergeants-at-  
Arms, £100 each. Then follows the Ec-  
clesiastical Staff of the Household, £12-  
30; the Sanitary establishment £2700;  
the State Band of Music, £1916; the Ex-  
aminer of Plays, £400; Barge-master and  
Waterman, £400; the Hon. Corps of Gen-  
tlemen-at-Arms, £5120; the Captain and  
Gold Stick, £1000; Lieutenant and Silver  
Stick, £500; Standard Bearer and Silver  
Stick, £380; the Body Guard of Yeomen,  
£7100; the Governor and Constable of  
Windsor Castle, £1120. In the depart-  
ment of the Master of the House we find  
the Master himself, £2500; Chief Equer-  
ry, £100; four Equerries in Ordinary,  
£750 each; Crown Equerry, £800; six  
of the Backstairs, £1700; and Heredi-  
tary Grand Falconer, £1200. This por-  
tentous list does not exhaust all the details  
of expenditure in the department of salar-  
ies, and excluding the cost of what is in  
the homely phrase called “living,” most  
of the officers above enumerated are filled  
by members of the aristocracy, and the  
duties attached to them are, to a great ex-  
tent, merely nominal.

THE SPIDER AND THE TOAD—A  
CURIOUS INCIDENT.

The following singular relation is fur-  
nished by a correspondent of the Boston  
Traveler as having been witnessed by a  
person now living, though occurring more  
than forty years ago, about sixteen miles  
from the city:

“The narrator said that while walking  
in the field he saw a large black field spi-  
der, considered one of the most venomous  
species, contending with a common sized  
toad. The spider, being very quick in its  
movements, would get upon the back and  
bite it, when the toad, with its fore-paw,  
would drive off the spider. It would then  
hop to a pantaun which was growing near  
by, and bite it, and then return to the  
spider. After seeing this repeated several  
times, and noticing that each time the  
toad was bitten it went to the plantain,  
the spectator thought he would pull up the  
plantain and watch the result. He did so.  
Being again bitten, and plantain not to be  
found, the toad soon began to swell  
and show other indications of being poi-  
soned, and died in a short time. If the  
plantain, which grows so abundantly near  
almost every dwelling in this vicinity, was  
such an immediate and effectual remedy to  
the toad for the bite of the spider, can we  
not reasonably infer that it would be an  
effectual cure for man for the bite of the  
same insect?”

SCARCITY OF CORN.—We learn that the  
Raleigh & Gaston Railroad Company, in  
consideration of the great scarcity of corn  
in North Carolina, are charging only half  
price on the corn carried into that State  
on their road.

We also learn that a public meeting of  
the citizens of Halifax county, N. C., was  
held at Weldon a few days ago, at which  
the sum of \$1,000 was contributed to buy  
corn for the poor.

Some idea of the extent of the failure  
of last year's corn crop in the growing  
section of N. Carolina, may be found from  
the fact—as we are informed—that the  
number of vessels which passed through the  
Dismal Swamp Canal in the month of  
May of the present year was 133 less  
than in the same month last year; while  
most of those carrying corn were but par-  
tially loaded.—*Norfolk Herald.*

DEATH OF A FRIEND OF DR. JOHN  
SON'S.

[From the London Morning Post, April 8.]  
We announced a few days since the de-  
mise, at her residence in Piccadilly, of Hes-  
ther Maria Viscountess Keith, in her 95th  
year. This remarkable lady was the last  
remaining link between the present genera-  
tion and that brilliant literary circle which  
congregated around Johnson at “the club”  
which thronged the hospitable mansion of  
Mrs Thrale at Streatham. Viscountess  
Keith was the eldest daughter of Henry  
Thrale, the friend of Johnson, and the  
husband of Esther Salisbury, better known  
to the world by the name of her second hus-  
band as “Mrs Piozzi.” As the child of  
his most valued friends, Hesther Maria en-  
joyed a large share of the attention of John-  
son, who was her early instructor, and in  
whose memoirs her name frequently occurs  
as “Quenny,” a term of endearment con-  
ferred upon her by the great philosopher.

During her girlhood she was surrounded  
by Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, Gibbon,  
Boswell, Beattie, Laing, Sedgwick, Hur-  
ney and Montague. Johnson was her ear-  
ly tutor, and Baretti her Italian master.—  
From her mother she learned to cultivate  
intellectual pursuits, and from her father  
she derived those sterling qualities which  
belong more especially to the high-toned  
English character. On the death of the  
latter, and the marriage of her mother to  
Signor Piozzi, (with whom she spent many  
years in foreign travel.) Miss Thrale was  
deprived of her home. Being a minor, and  
restricted to a small allowance, she retired  
to a deserted house of her father's at Brigh-  
ton, with no other companion than an old  
and faithful house-keeper. Here she ap-  
plied herself to severe courses of study,  
and to the acquisition of many branches of  
knowledge, rare in a woman at all times,  
and especially so in the less cultivated days  
of the last century.

When the time arrived appointed by  
the father for her majority, she established  
herself in a handsome house in London  
with her younger sisters, who were many  
years her juniors. But before this period  
she had lost her valued guardian and pre-  
ceptor, the illustrious Johnson, who  
deceased had she assiduously attended. She  
frequently lived upon that solemn scene  
in after years. The age at her last in-  
terview said, “My dear child, we part for-  
ever in this world, let us part as Christians  
should, let us pray together. He then ut-  
tered a prayer of fervent piety and deep  
affection, invoking the blessing of Heaven  
upon his pupil.

In the year 1808, Miss Thrale became  
the wife of George Keith Elphinstone, Vis-  
count Keith, one of the most distinguished  
of those commanders by whom the naval  
honour of Great Britain was so greatly ex-  
alted during the revolutionary war. As  
this nobility was the personal friend of  
the royal family, his wife was soon intro-  
duced into the highest circles. Viscountess  
Keith, who was in Scotland when she re-  
ceived the tidings of her mother's illness  
immediately repaired to Bath to attend her  
death-bed. Mrs. Piozzi was by birth the  
heiress of the ancient Welsh family of the  
Salisbury, but she disinherited her daughter  
in favor of Signor Piozzi's nephew, a  
youth from Brescia whom she adopted and  
who was knighted as Sir John Piozzi Salis-  
bury of Brimble, in the Vale of Clwyd.  
Viscountess Keith resided for many years  
on her husband's property of Tulliallan, in  
Clackmannanshire, where she was the gen-  
erous and unwearied benefactress of the  
poor.

In 1823 she became a widow; and in  
1831 her only child the Hon. Georgiana  
Augusta Elphinstone, was married to the  
Hon. John Augustus Villiers, second son  
of the Earl of Jersey. By a former wife  
Viscountess Keith had a daughter, Margaret,  
now Baroness Keith and Nairne, wife of  
the distinguished French diplomatist  
Comte de Blahout.

Besides her daughter already men-  
tioned (the Hon. Mrs. Villiers) Viscountess  
Keith is survived by two sisters—Miss  
Thrale, of Ashgrove, near Sevenoaks, and  
Mrs. Mostyn, resident in Brighton.

GRATIFIED FOR ONCE.

Our eyes for the first time in a moon's  
age have been gratified with the sight of a  
natural looking woman in the streets. On  
yesterday an esteemed friend came rush-  
ing into our office, and with outstretched  
hands, extended eyes, and in a perfect fe-  
ver of excitement, entreated us for the love  
of heaven to run to the door quick. Of  
course we obeyed with what alacrity our  
game foot would allow, and lo, there, in all  
her virgin youth and pristine beauty, was  
one of Eve's fairest daughters, arrayed in  
the richest apparel, the folds of her costly  
robes falling gracefully around her well  
formed person, with never a crinkle or  
hoop to detract from its unseemly propor-  
tions. Curiosity led us to scan closely the  
face of the fair being, who could thus bid  
defiance to the arbitrary law of fashion  
and appear in the streets in seemingly dress  
and oh, “Cupid and darts and bleeding  
hearts,” as we knew beforehand, she was  
as beautiful as Hourii, with eyes like  
two sparkling diamonds, a bust like Venus  
Medici, a carriage like Juno, and move-  
ments as graceful as an antelope. The  
sight was too much for our delicate nerves,  
and we had to be carried into our sanctum  
on a shutter, where by the use of p o p e r  
restoratives we were restored to conscious-  
ness.—*Columbus Sun.*

“Madam,” said a doctor one day to  
the mother of a sweet, healthy babe, “the  
ladies have deputed me to inquire what  
you do to have such a lovely, happy, uni-  
formly good child?” The mother smiled  
for a moment over the strangeness of the  
question, and then replied simply and beau-  
tifully: “Why, God has given me a healthy  
child, and I let it alone.”

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

This day is the anniversary of the adop-  
tion of the American Flag, a resolution  
having been introduced in the American  
Congress, June 13th, 1777. “That the flag  
of the thirteen United States be thirteen  
stripes, alternately red and white; that the  
Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue  
field, representing a new constellation.”  
There is a striking coincidence between  
the design of our flag and the arms of  
Gen. Washington, which consisted of three  
stars in the upper portion and three bars  
running across the escutcheon. It is  
thought by some that the flag was derived  
from this heraldic design. History in-  
forms us that several flags were used by  
the Yankees before the present national  
one was adopted.

In March, 1775, a minor flag with a  
red field was hoisted in New York, bearing  
the inscription on one side of “George  
Rex and the liberties of America,” and  
upon the reverse, “No Popery.” General  
Israel Putnam raised on Prospect Hill,  
July 18th, 1775, a flag bearing on one  
side the motto of our Commonwealth “Qui  
transiit sustinet,” on the other, “An ap-  
peal to Heaven”—an appeal well taken  
and amply sustained. In October, 1775,  
the floating batteries of Boston bore a flag  
with the latter motto, and a pine tree up-  
on a shield, bearing the Massachusetts  
emblem. Some of the colonies used in  
1775 a flag with a rattlesnake coiled as if  
about to strike, and the motto, “Don't tread  
on me.”

On the 21 January, 1776, the grand  
union flag of the stars and stripes was  
raised on the heights near Boston, and it  
is said that some of the regulars made the  
grand mistake of supposing it was a token  
of submission to the King, whose speech  
had just been sent to the Americans. The  
British Register of 1776 says: “They (the  
rebels) burnt the King's speech, and  
changed their colors from a plain red  
ground to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a  
symbol of the number and union of the  
colonies.” A letter from Boston, pub-  
lished in the Pennsylvania Gazette, in 1776,  
says the union flag was raised on the 2d  
in compliment to the United Colonies.”

The various flags we have mentioned,  
the Pine Tree, Rattlesnake, and the  
Stripes, were used according to the taste of  
the patriots, until July, 1777, when the  
stars and stripes were established by law.  
At first a stripe was added for each new  
State, but the flag became too large, and  
Congress, foreseeing, possibly the spirit of  
annexation, reduced the stripes to the origi-  
nal thirteen, and the stars are made to  
correspond in number with the States.

The American flag is one of the most  
beautiful that floats upon any land or sea.  
Its proportions are perfect when it is prop-  
erly made—one half as broad as it is long.  
The first stripe at the top is red, the next  
white, and three colors alternate, making  
the last stripe red. The blue field for the  
stars is the width and square of the first  
seven stripes viz: four red and white.  
The colors of the American flag are in  
beautiful relief, and it is altogether a  
beautiful national emblem. Long may it  
wave untarn



**First Congressional District.**

NOTICE.

See the Prospectus of the Richmond  
Dispatch in to day's paper.

233 The coming election will be one of paramount importance to the Democratic party. It will determine whether we are to secure the fruits of the hard earned victory of November, or once more be in the hands of the enemy in Congress. We have yet four members to gain before we can have the control of the popular branch of the National Legislature, and without such control, the beneficial results expected to flow from Mr. Buchanan's election, will be lost to the country. The duty of every man then that voted for Mr. Buchanan, is apparent. If the vote to elect him was proper, then how suicidal would it be to so paralyze his arm by electing an anti-administration Congress, that the purpose for which he was selected would fail for the want of the means to carry it into effect. As well might you authorize the woodman to fell the tree and yet refuse to allow him the use of the weapon to accomplish it.— Mr. Buchanan received the support of the people and was chosen as the Chief Magistrate of the Union with the expectation, that, if elected he would bring the government back to its original simplicity, and interpose the executive arm to check the progress of fanaticism and Black Republicanism. Since his election, his course has justified the sanguine anticipations of the country, and particularly the South; he has shown himself to be equal to the times; the man for the crisis; fully capable to guide safely the good old ship through the dangerous breakers that roar madly around her.

The question is then, shall we stand by the President and give him the means to realize the purposes of his election? Shall we by a united and manly effort grasp the prize within our reach, or by lukewarmness and lethargy, permit the spirit of faction once more to enter our national council, and thus give to Black Republicanism the power to consummate its diabolical ends. We need not bring to mind the absolute necessity of presenting an unbroken front

The first is another very important reason why Dr. Shaw should, and Mrs. Smith should not be the member. In the next Congress when it comes to voting, there will be only two parties to consider the affirmative or negative side of the question. The Know Nothings will be nowhere, and they will have to lose or merge their identity into one of the two living anti-Nationalist parties: all the Southern and Northern, if true to their consciences and their section, will have to vote with the Democrats. Now where is the use, sense, reason or consistency in sending a *Know Nothing* to Congress to give *Democratic* votes? It is a certainty, it is a fact as firmly fixed as the centre of a circle that whoever may go to Congress from this district, *will have to give Democratic votes* or prove treasonably false to the district. Of course we shall send a Democrat (Dr. Shaw) to give *Democratic* countenance to the Administration, and consistently to represent a *Democratic* constituency.

*Halifax Representative.*

meeting of the pastors of all evangelized christians in Richmond a few days before the sitting of the General Association, this subject was taken into consideration, and there was almost a unanimous sentiment—and that sentiment was the same as expressed by the Association. It would be well for all southern christians to be warned and cautioned that no confidence is to be placed in the American Tract Society in fact. And if any are in debt to the society by subscription, they should consider well the propriety of paying their subscriptions because the money they now pay may be appropriated to abolition publications.

Another thing may be necessary in this connection. The books that are already in the hands of colporteurs are now published before the passage of these offensive resolutions by the Society. They need not therefore, be feared. But a cautious

**ASHEVILLE NEWS FOR SALE.**  
We would like to see that Mr. Atkin, who has so long and so ably edited the Asheville News, offers that paper for sale. To an industrious, energetic young man there is an excellent opportunity to engage in a profitable business. Mr. Atkin says:  
"Wishing to engage in business elsewhere, the undersigned offers the Asheville News printing establishment, subscription list, &c., for sale. The premises are extensive, well selected, and general as good as new; the paper has been established eight years, and has a fair circulation; the growing extent of the same is due to no paper in the State job being pushed so fair. Further information can be obtained on application to  
**THOS. W. ATKIN, Editor News.**

the poison of mosquitoes, bees, wasps, &c., is  
seen from *its* in *Barnett's Kallion*, prepared by  
Joseph Barnett & Co., Boston. This preparation  
contains a peculiar property, which, upon  
being thoroughly rubbed into the bites, im-  
mediately kills the insect, and thus prevents the  
poison and allays the inflammation. For sale  
at all dealers. — 23—20

**DIED.**

After an illness of nearly three days, Lucie,  
daughter of William K. and Margaret Gordon,  
aged three years.

Thus by a wise dispensation of Providence  
the little Laura been torn away from the in-  
carriage of doting parents and borne on angu-  
ishes to the bosom of her heavenly Father  
there to dwell throughout an infinite eter-  
nity. The little Laura been a child of three  
in the purity and innocence of infancy, who  
knows no guile, the little girl has been trans-  
planted to a filial, unblemished, to be cher-  
ished in the bosom of a Father in Heaven  
to come unto me, for such is the Kingdom  
Heaven.

of **J** **l** **t** **i** **n** **e** **and** **Flavoring**  
March 10



1. NAME \_\_\_\_\_



